

The Sanguinist

Voice of CATHOLIC ACTION

Saint Joseph's of Indiana COLLEGEVILLE,
INDIANA



DON'T READ THIS...

... It's the Same Old Stuff

Don't read this article! You won't appreciate it, because it deals with ideologies and preaches the same old thing that you as a college student have heard many, many times before. Besides, it really doesn't deal with you. It pertains to the other fellow.

You are OK.

It's the other guy who is wrong and is always griping about campus affairs. You are all right. You only skip a few classes a week, and never take any active part, so you can't be accused of making any mistakes or coming forth with a good sound idea on how to overcome campus problems. After all, you came to college to get a degree, not to be bothered with the trivialities of the student community. Anyway, the administration is always on your neck to do this or that, or some student is sounding off with some project which might tax your free time.

College is really just a place where you spend four years and waste money while waiting graduation time, so that you will be well grounded and 'equipped' to take a position in a professional field. After all, you're no superman, and there are only twenty four hours in each day. And you're satisfied, so why worry about the good of the whole. Charity begins at home and you have your own interests to look after. Let the other fellow take care of himself. You will leave school with the great achievement of never having made a mistake, because you never undertook anything which gave you an opportunity of making one. You are not alone, so don't fear that you will be lonesome with your convictions. You are truly contributing a great deal to this social order—for you are aiding the devil in the destruction of peace and perfection.

Aren't you pleased with yourself?
You're wonderful!!

WE'RE FOR—

Loyalty to Christ, to Spiritual Advisors, to Student Leaders.

Boosting campus activities.

Capital punishment for chronic griping.

Frequent Communion and frequent Confession.

ENGAGEMENTS—in prayer (novenas, evening rosary, vespers, etc.)

Unselfish school spirit.

WE'RE AGAINST—

Subversive campus politicians.

Two sets of morals—one for Sunday, one for weekdays.

The principle of "me-first".

Griping.

Sleepy, sloppy, sniveling Catholicism.

Series Two

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No. 10

You Are Blameworthy If . . .

Christians are blameworthy if they abandon fields to unworthy, says Pope Pius XII.

Christian students of political science must enter politics and try to establish a world based on moral principles; they are blameworthy if they abandon the field to those who are unworthy or incapable. His Holiness Pope Pius XII told a group of political science students in an audience at the Vatican.

"Your training as political science students and your experience as political men enable us to expect of you, and depend on you, to be valiant collaborators of rebirth and of spiritual, social, moral, religious and temporal prosperity in your countries," the Pontiff told them.

"Let the timid be dismayed; let the agitators wretchedly play with words—their play succeeded so well in the past that they are permitted to continue even now. But it is just and praiseworthy that you keep yourselves above occasional quarrels which embitter party struggles so that you can remain firmly united on essential points of justice, charity and Christian wisdom."

"It would be blameworthy for you to leave the field open and permit direction of affairs of state to fall to unworthy or incapable persons."

(NCWC News Service)

Gum Drops--- ---Stick to Them

This is a column of compliments—just a few that should be passed around in all justice and charity. We know good works are their own reward. But public recognition for achievement is also in place in christian community. Stick to the fine example these men have given:

Al Klein: for his persistant effort, quiet purpose in keeping our pamphlet racks the year around.

Frank Crawford: for his devotion to the cause of good movies, in the interests of the Legion of Decency. Frank has kept the local bulletin boards right up to the second on the local movie 'ratings.'

The Xavierites: for their ambition and great personal interest in the Grotto of our Lady. If this shrine of Mary is not ready for all the glory that is planned to surround it during the month of May, it will not be their fault.

There are a lot more names, and a lot more tips. We'll have them for you

next issue. Meanwhile, tell these men you saw their name here, and thank them. They deserve it. And it's just christian charity to tell them you are grateful.



I fear we need more drastic means
Than periodic missions,
To curb the nasty habits
Of Catholic politicians.

BABE SPEAKING

By November of 1946 the pain over my eye was so intense, night and day, that Dr. Philip McDonald, who had been treating my throat and sinus, suggested that I enter the French Hospital in New York for observation. I went in a wheel chair. For days the X rays showed nothing, but my condition got worse. Then, one of the plates did show something, and they decided to cut me.

On the night before I was cut, Paul Carey, my friend for eighteen years and a good Catholic, sat for some time at my bedside without speaking. But when he did speak, he got to the point..

"You're going to be okay, Babe," Paul said. "Nothing's ever going to get you down. But they're going to operate tomorrow morning. Don't you think you ought to get your house in order?"

I knew what he meant. I had drifted away from the Church during my harum-scarum early years in the majors. I'd go to Mass now and then, and, believe me, I never went through a night without saying my prayers. But I wasn't the Catholic I had been at St. Mary's, especially after Brother Matthias died about the time my baseball career was ending. I could speak a little now, and I told Paul that he was right; that I did want my house in order.

Holy Communion gave me additional heart to have a very delicate operation that kept me on the table for a long time. They dug into my neck and tied up or dug out the nerves that were transmitting pain from the seat of my trouble to my eye and jaws and head in general.

I was fed for weeks with a needle, for I had no strength to swallow. I lost eighty pounds, and there were times I felt I would die. It is a rotten feeling for a man who was as active as I was.

Then I began to sense that the stands were rooting for me—the sincerest rooting I had ever had. Claire was there with me, night and day, and Gordon Lowerstein and Paul and the few others who were permitted to see me.

And outside the walls of the hospital, and across the greatest city in the world, and out across the country and the world, the fans who had known me as a ballplayer were rooting. I couldn't believe it at first. Lying in that little

room, I often felt so alone that the tears would run helplessly down my cheeks. But then Claire began bringing in some letters, and Gordon brought in pocketfuls of them, and Paul brought in boxes of them. And they read them to me.

No man ever got letters like those. Before I left the hospital there were 30,000 of them. Most of them were written in the penciled scrawl of kids, telling me that I was going to get well.

I could read some of them after a while. The one from Mike Quinlan, of Jersey City, for instance. He wrote:

Dear Babe: "Everybody in the seventh grade class is pulling and praying for you. I am enclosing a medal and holy picture which if you wear will make you better.

Your Pal,—Mike Quinlan.

"P.S. I know this will be your 61 homer. You will hit it."

I pinned the miraculous medal on my pajama coat, and it is still there.

And the one from Brother Gilbert, who had helped me get my first break in baseball at St. Mary's. Brother Gilbert, who was to die so soon after that, led his class of boys in prayers for my recovery. There were letters from public officials and from G.I.'s here and abroad; from veterans' hospitals and sports figures, including my old friend Jack Demp-

(Continued on Page Four)



Pagans brightly spread their knowledge,
More than Catholic's out of college.

CREED OF A LAY APOSTLE

I believe that through Grace I am a son of God, created by Him as such at my Baptism, strengthened at my Confirmation, and daily strengthened at His Sacrifice with the bread of angels, the Eucharist.

I believe that like the grain of wheat which must fall to the ground and only by surrender of itself bear much fruit, so I too must and will lose myself in Christ, His Kingdom, and His Love.

I believe that in the day of my rebirth and resurrection to the fullness of the stature of Christ within me, there shall be judgments and condemnation pronounced against me, against my Lord who lives in me.

I believe in death and burial to this world, in suffering and sacrifice too.

I believe there is also to be that day when the sons of God will be revealed.

I believe in a community of men formed in His image, a rebirth of Christian society, the city of God on earth; all according to His holy will. Amen

—MORE ABOUT—

Babe Speaking

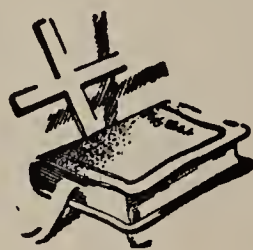
sey, who wired, "Keep your chin up. And keep punching, which I know you will." Toots Shor called me daily to ask what I wanted to eat, and sent it up from his restaurant.

But it was the letters from the kids that really touched me, and I made up my mind, once again, that I'd find some way to get better and help them, especially the ones who were in as much need of help as I once had been.

I left the hospital on February 15, 1947, and, from the looks of me, I guess a lot of people thought that I was being sent home to die. But I had much to live for, and though I was in great pain, it was comforting to get back with Claire to the apartment where I had spent the happiest years of my life.

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TRIDUUM
MOTHER'S
DAY
MAY
5th, 6th, 7th